THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“ VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D.”
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 91.

Verum animo satis hæc vestigia parva sagaci
Sunt per quæ possis cognoscere cætera tuté.
LUCRET. Lib. 3.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

HAVING signified, in the last number of the Lounger, my intention to appropriate a few essays to the consideration of Miss Williams's Edwin and Eltruda, and made some remarks preparatory to that purpose, conformably thereto, I shall now proceed to a succinct exposition of her plan.

Albert, a veteran knight, retired, covered with laurels, to an ancient castle on the banks of the Derwent, to seek repose from the toils of the field, and find, in retirement, some alleviation of the poignant sorrows, occasioned by the loss of a wife, whom he tenderly loved. His great consolation was the education of a daughter, who resembled her mother in her uncommon endowments both of mind and person. Under the eye of the father, an attachment was formed between his Eltruda and Edwin, a youth of the vicinage, worthy of her affection for the noblest virtues of the heart, and the most manly graces of the person. Time glided on in the enjoyment of domestic bliss, and the endearments of reciprocal affection, until their peace was disturbed by the eruption of a civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster. Ties of honour, which Edwin could not forego, compelled him to espouse the cause of York, while the loyal zeal of old Albert led him once more to take up arms in favour of Henry. The battle of the contending parties was protracted until the close of day, when, in the obscurity of the night, a faulchion, launched from the hand of Edwin, pierced the heart of old Albert. The victor, touched with compassion at his expiring groans, immediately flew to his assistance, and soon recognized him by his prayers for the safety of Edwin, and the happiness of Eltruda. This disastrous event broke the heart of the latter, and Edwin, overwhelmed with horror and despair, expired at her feet.

Upon these incidents the writer has constructed a tale, which, I trust, will be found, on perusal, to correspond with the portrait drawn of it in my preceding speculation. Her plan is elegantly expanded; the delineations of character are appropriate and interesting; the imagery delicate and tender, and the catastrophe worked up with singular ingenuity and pathos. In all the higher grades of composition, the primæval works of excellence have afforded systems of rules for the structure of successive efforts of the same nature, and served as the models upon which they were moulded. From the Iliad, Aristotle is known to have extracted the celebrated code of principles, which, since his time, has uniformly regulated the organization of the epopeia. By a scientific and ingenious analysis of Don Quixote, the Spanish Academy have deduced a series of rules for the government of the Burlesque, which it is incumbent upon every candidate for fame, in that line, to study and to follow. No writer, I believe, has ever pursued the same course, or at least done more than collaterally afford general precepts for the particular species under examination, or indeed for any of the humble walks of the muse. Without attempting to legislate in this way, a task for which I feel neither ability nor presumption, I shall go no farther than to suggest those primary relations of congruity which immediately result from the nature of the subject, and will therefore lay open to intuitive perception.

The critics have been almost unanimous in recommending a remote era for the scene of an epic poem. In reflecting upon that of a legendary tale, the perfection of the fable seems to dictate, and the title necessarily implies an adaptation of the same rule. Miss Williams' choice of the reign of Henry the sixth, is particularly felicitous; it combines all the advantages that can accrue from antiquity of plan, and, for the student in history, the eventful period of the sanguinary struggle between the white and red roses, must involve more than common interest. Another qualification prescribed for the epic, is, that the plan should be great, both in the action and duration. I need scarcely remark, that the doctrine in our case is fundamentally opposite. To give any great degree of prolixity to a light poem, must infallibly destroy the congregate effect, by generating satiety and disgust. The legendary poet must excite ridicule, who would adopt for his subject the contention of princes, the foundation of empires or the discovery of new worlds. The simplicity of diction, inculcated so warmly in our preceding essay, is bottomed upon a universal principle of propriety in composition, that the tone and language should be subservient and homogeneous to the subject. The placid equalibility of the familiar duties of life, the tenderness of parental or filial affection, the soft blandishments of love, the anguish of a mind perturbed and agonized by comestic misfortune, even the convulsive horrors attendant on involuntary crime, are themes which the poet may choose, and which Miss Williams has judiciously selected.

Non omnia rerum pariter sunt omnibus apta

is a maxim never to be overlooked in writing. When touching upon the battle in which Albert was killed, she properly abstains from a long or pompous description of its terrors, and traces a line of demarcation for the ‘timid muse,’ with precision and elegance.

The timid muse forbears to say
What laurels Edwin won;
Nor paints the gallant deeds that day
By aged Albert done.

On softer themes alone she dwells,
As trembling through the grove,
Of friendship's woes she sad'ning tells,
Or sings of hapless love.

The intervention of machinery of any kind, the introduction of a fairy or a sylph, in a poem of this nature, would defeat the primary object of the poet, by effacing altogether that transient impression of reality, without which our sympathy must remain torpid. Lord Kaimes founds their exclusion from tragedy on an analogous principle: every shade of verisimilitude would vanish on the entrance of a supernatural power; the fascination, that for the moment enthrals the senses of the spectator, instantaneously dissolves; and in lieu of that grateful illusion, by which he is led to believe himself actually engaged in the transactions of the stage, he would feel that he is listening to the fictitious sorrows of a poet, and participating in joys not of reality, but of imagination. I know that this hypothesis, as to the spectator, has been warmly controverted by Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, but the voice of general experience speaks more cogently than the dictum of authority, or the subtleties of ratiocination.

The characters suitable for a legendary tale, in the next place, fall regularly under examination: on this head, however, it will be unnecessary to do more than refer the reader to our preceding remarks. We shall incidentally notice the sentiments. The proemial strophes of Edwin and Eltruda, comprize a brief description of the castle where Albert resides, whose portrait and situation are then introduced in the following manner:

There liv'd a chief to fame well known,
A warlike, virtuous knight;
Who many a well fought field had won,
By valour and by might.

Yet milder virtues he possesst,
More gentle passions felt;
And in his calm and yielding breast
Each soft affection dwelt.

Not all the rugged toil of war
His bosom e'er could steel;
He felt for every child of care,
His heart was apt to feel.

And much that heart was doom'd to bear,
And many a grief to prove;
To feel the fulness of despair,
The woes of hopeless love.

To lose the partner of his breast,
Who sooth'd each rising care;
And with mild efforts charm'd to rest
The griefs she sought to share.

He mark'd the chilling damps of death
O'erspread her fading charms:
He saw her yield her quiv'ring breath,
And sink in death's cold arms.

From solitude he hop'd relief,
And this lone mansion sought,
To cherish there his sacred grief,
And nurse the tender thought.

Poets, in general, appear fond of the character of a warrior, who, to the austerity of martial prowess, superadds the 'milder virtues' of a benevolent and feeling heart. The lofty dignity of the hero, tempered by a due share of the social affections, is in fact one of the most satisfactory pictures the mind can contemplate. We regard the pious Æneas with much more complacency than the rough and sanguinary Achilles; and no where does Hector so strongly conciliate affection, or fire us with zeal for the triumph of his cause, as in his tender interviews with Andromache. The last quatrain of the verses just cited is particularly delicate. The closing line, however, may perhaps have been borrowed from Young, who has the same beautiful expression in the commencement of his Night Thoughts:

Silence and darkness, solemn sisters twins,
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought.

It is an observation founded in the history of the human heart, that the man 'stricken with sorrows' enjoys a species of pensive pleasure in brooding over his griefs, and delights in the frequentation of scenes that are calculated to present kindred images. In expressing this idea, Ossian annexes a qualification unnoticed by other poets, but which must strike as eminently just, 'there is a joy in sorrow, when PEACE dwells with the sorrowful.' To know the 'joy of sorrow,' no phantom of guilt should haunt the imagination, no pang of remorse embitter retrospection. Congreve, in his Mourning Bride, amplifies the subject in the more impassioned language of tragedy:

It is the wretch's comfort still to have
Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of inward grief,
Which he unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
And glutton-like devour.

[*To be Continued.*]

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CRITICISM ON BOILEAU.

[In Vol. II. of the Port Folio, the reader will find a life of *BOILEAU, elegantly translated, by an American gentleman, from the French of the Abbe Levizac. His character, and a general criticism upon his invaluable writings, were omitted in that article. Our friend and correspondent has kindly favoured us with this desirable continuation, and it gives the Editor peculiar pleasure to call the attention of the lovers of polite literature to a writer, who wisely modelled his style agreeably to the CLASSICAL STANDARD, and who, flourishing in the court of the French AUGUSTUS, was, in all things, the very reverse of a *republican*.]

Such was Despréaux. Frankness and probity marked his conduct through life; in his friendships he was constant and sincere, in his actions artless and noble; he was generous, without ostentation, and just to all the world. The misfortunes of others were to him insupportable. The distress of a man of letters rent his very soul, and this sensibility was not in him an idle sentiment. He exerted his influence in his behalf, and ever aided him with his purse. His personal qualities won the hearts of men, and to them did he owe the acquisition of as many friends, as to the superiority of his talents. He was not less beloved, nor was his society courted less on account of the purity of his morals, and the simplicity of his manners, than of the perfections of his mind, and the wit of his conversation. Even his most malignant enemies did not excite his hatred; he pitied and pardoned them. Did they evince but the slightest inclination to be reconciled to him, he forgot the wrongs which he had suffered, and lived with them on terms of liberality and civility. The judgments which he pronounced on bad authors were never dictated by spleen nor passion: in exposing them to public ridicule, his only aim was to make reason and truth triumph, and to cherish in his native country the laurels which had embellished the happy soils of Greece and of ancient Rome. He saw, with an indignation which he was unable to suppress, that they were the most dangerous enemies of learning and of taste. 'But, says M. de Valcour, in attacking the defects of authors, he always spared their persons. He thought that every man who possessed the faculty of speech or of writing, was authorised publicly to censure a bad book, whose author has had the temerity to publish it; but he looked with horror on those dangerous enemies of the human race, who, without respect for friendship or even for truth, mangle with unrelenting malignity every thing that presents itself to their distempered imagination, and who, protected from the vengeance of the laws, by the deep obscurity in which they are enveloped, make a cruel sport of publishing the most secret faults, and blackening the most innocent actions.' To subvert the empire of ignorance and of artifice is not only a laudable action, but a duty.

Why was this man, whose literary merit was so eminent, whose manners were so bland, who was the author of so many benevolent actions; why was he, during his life, attacked with so much virulence, and pursued with so much rancour? Let us search for no other cause than his pre-eminence. That crowd of authors, some of them obscure, others not rising above mediocrity, but who had been regarded as oracles, and whose folly, ignorance, and ridiculous vanity he exposed, could not forgive him for having wrested from their hands the sceptre which they had so long wielded. Forced to descend from that high rank, they formed a league against him, and, in their vengeance, employed all the outrage of envy, and all the atrocity of calumny. Intrigue, satire, criticism, perfidy....all were exercised. But what could the efforts of these pigmies effect? Firm, unshaken in the midst of this host of assailants, Despréaux pursued his career, constantly exhibiting, in opposition to to his enemies, the example of an irreproachable life, and new master pieces.

I will not reply to the different accusations made against him during his life; they are sunk in oblivion, and their revival is not to be apprehended. Who, at this day, knows that Cotin, Pradon, Desmartes, Liniere, and some other writers equally obscure, have written against Despréaux? But I cannot pass in silence over the opinion which Marmontel has expressed of him, in a too celebrated epistle, crowned at the French academy, As the opinion of the author of the excellent articles of literature in the Encyclopedia, might inspire prejudices in the minds of those persons, who are ignorant of the plan which D'Alembert had formed to degrade the great men of the seventeenth century, for the purpose of securing to Voltaire the literary supremacy, and who are not informed that paradoxes of this kind were the most certain means of attaining the academical chair, it is essential to shew the weakness of the foundation on which this opinion rests.

In that epistle it is said, 'Despréaux is cold; he is an irascible judge; he has invented nothing, and wants fervour, imagination, fecundity, and sentiment.'

Despréaux is cold. Where is he cold? Is it in his satires? But do they not possess an appropriate degree of warmth? Has the language of reason, or ought it to have the same turn, the same expression, the same animation as that of the passions and of the imagination? The example of Juvenal proves nothing. If Juvenal is exasperated, and raves at the follies and vices of his age, Horace attains his object, with more certainty, by ridiculing those of the age in which he flourished. We laugh at the vehemence of an austere and querelous philosopher; his declamation is lost in air. But we dread the shafts of gay and delicate raillery; the wounds which it inflicts are infallible and mortal. Who has rallied more delicately, or more agreeably, than Despréaux, or in finer verse?.....Is it in his Epistles and his Art of Poetry? But are not these works marked with the true characteristics of their species? What elegance, what tenderness in those on rural pleasures! What epic force, what truth of expression and of colouring in those on the passage of the Rhine! What majesty in those addressed to the King! What beauty, what energy, what precision in his Art of

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* I cannot in this place omit the encomium of Boileau in the Pursuits of Literature. It were an injustice to the memory of a famous poet, it would be injurious to learning itself, not to promulgate such criticism as the following, nicely discriminated, and energetically expressed. We hope it will recal the works of the French satirist to a new examination.

After delineating the respective beauties and blemishes of Lucilius, Horace, Juvenal and Persius, the author adds....."An interval of ages passed, dark and barbarous. The power of satire, in its full and legitimate strength, was never again felt till the reign of Louis XIV of France. Then appeared a poet, second to none of his predecessors. A philosopher, without being wordy, the friend of sense and of virtue, a gentleman in principle, independent in spirit, and fearless of enemies, however powerful from their malignity, or formidable from their rank. This extraordinary man was BOILEAU. If I am not deceived, there is something in all his compositions so finished, so removed from conceit and forced thought, such an ardent zeal for propriety in sentiment and in expression; such a sense of the dignity of the human character, when undebased; such a hatred of hypocrisy; such a love of purity; such an abhorrence of all profaneness and indecency, and even of indelicacy; that I am not able to name a man, whose works, as a poet and a critic, may be read and studied with equal advantage. Even his compliments, though rather lofty, to Louis the fourteenth, are all conceived in the language of a gentleman and a man of genius, who feels that he is conferring honour, not receiving it. The majesty of the French monarch, in that cultivated age, was surely as worthy of homage as the deity of the Roman Augustus. To read the works of Boileau with full advantage some accuracy of knowledge, and some insight into the delicacy of the *ancient* French language are required. I call their language *ancient*, which existed *before the revolution*, for I scarce understand the modern democratic jargon. *Grave virus mundities pepulit.* It is also necessary to have a perception of the peculiar cast of the French poetry, and of the construction of the verse. An allowance must be made for the language itself, which is not poetical, as contradistinguished to prose, but forcible, terse, and well adapted to the condensation of satirical expression. As a writer, I think him *original*. What he has borrowed he almost seems to have restored to its proper place. He alternately assumes the characters of the three great Romans, and maintains an honourable contest for the master. Equal to either of them taken singly, and in the merit of composition sometimes their superior. He is their true and lawful brother. There is a fraternal league between them, which no friend to good literature, good poetry, and good manners will ever suffer to be broken." [Note, by the Editor.

Poetry! In a word, what propriety in all! And no sooner did they appear than they became classical. Every one learned them, committed them to memory, and foreign languages were enriched by them. I ask then, are verses, known by every body, admired and cited by every body, are they really destitute of fervour? I shall presently speak of the Lutrin.

Despréaux is an irascible judge; and why? Not surely for having devoted to public ridicule the Chapelains, the Senières, the Cotins, and other authors, equally contemptible. A writer of so correct a taste, as Marmontel, could not but applaud judgments, which all France has long since confirmed. Nor is it for having defended the ancients against the attacks of some moderns. Marmontel, on this subject, frequently expresses himself with as much force, and with even a higher degree of enthusiasm. It is then merely because he has not set a high value on the poetry of Quinaut, nor done justice to Tasso, Let us examine the correctness of these charges.

When Despréaux wrote his first satires, Quinaut had produced nothing but his tragedies, which, in general opinion, are bad. They were intolerable, not only in representation, but in the closet. It is true that Quinaut soon after produced some operas, which are models of perfection in that species of composition. But are works of this kind calculated to please a man of austere and rigid morals, and possessing a taste formed on the finest models of antiquity? What do we find in the operas of Quinaut? Lascivious descriptions, maxims tending to the corruption of morals, or at least to render them lax and effeminate; all the tenderness and seduction of scenes the most voluptuous; sorcerers; enchantments; spectres; apparitions of gods and goddesses; fictitious nature; strokes of the magic wand instead of plot; in a word, all the chimeras, illusions, and improbabilities, that a licentiously warm imagination is capable of creating. It must be confessed that Quinaut has adorned these productions with all the charms of soft and harmonious versification, although frequently negligent and diffuse, and with the simple and pathetic graces of sentiment always delicate and natural; but that it is which renders them the more dangerous. With him, love is never a frailty; it is, on the contrary, the supreme good, the only object worthy of our attention, that to which every other ought to be sacrificed. These are the causes of the little estimation in which Despréaux held the operas of Quinaut.

With respect to Tasso, may he not be justified? I begin by declaring, that I consider Jerusalem Delivered as the most interesting epic poem extant. I go, as may be observed, further than Balzac, who considered it merely as the richest and most finished poem that had appeared since the time of Virgil: and this induced him to remark, that Virgil is the cause, that Tasso is not the first in this species of composition, and Tasso, that Virgil is not the only one But, however great the beauties of this poem may be, is it exempt from faults, even glaring faults?* Does it not contain details, incidents, and even episodes, incompatible with the dignity of epic poetry? Do we not sometimes find in it conceits which shock no less the understanding than the taste? Would not the marvellous, in which it abounds, be better adapted to a burlesque, than to a serious and christian poem? Although the episode of Olinda and Sophronia be extremely interesting, and although we might perhaps regret the privation of it, yet are we not compelled to confess, that it has no connexion with the action? It is a digression, and every digression is a real fault. Is there in this poem perfect unity of action? I think there is; but on this point there is great diversity of sentiment. Is not every man of taste shocked at the monstrous combination of christianism and pagan fable on which it is founded? Enchanted islands; forests and palaces; sorcerers of every description; cavaliers metamorphosed into parrots; trees animated by wood-nymphs; caverns, where all the riches that nature has scattered over the various parts of the globe, are collected within a small space; a voyage to the extremity of the world, made on unknown seas, with the rapidity of an arrow, in a small boat, beneath which the waves bend submissive; furious monsters dismissed by the shake of a wand; syrens, &c. &c. What are these but fairy tales, dreams of an imagination that delights in chimerical and vain ideas? Is not all this, in an epic poem, notwithstanding the magic charms of the style, tinsel, mere tinsel, particularly in the estimation of a man, whom the study of Horace and Virgil had accustomed to pictures drawn by a sprightly, beautiful and strong imagination? Nor is it this tinsel which persons of taste admire in this celebrated poem. What they admire (and it claims the warmest admiration) is the perfect delineation of the characters; it is Godefroy, Renaud, Tancred, the aged Raymond, Soliman, even the ferocious Argant, Armide, &c. personages much more natural and interesting than those of the Iliad, of which they are imitations; it is the tender, the incomparable Erminia; it is the portrait of genuine heroism in its highest perfection; it is that train and that variety of imagery sublime, affecting, noble, smiling or tender, according to circumstances; it is the richness, the diversity, and the justnesss of the figures, the tropes and the similes; in a word, it is an enchanting style, always possessing dignity, and always characteristic of the thing expressed, with the exception only of those passages in which he has paid homage to the taste of his age for points. Those parts of his Art of Poetry, in which Despréaux speaks of Tasso, and the manner in which he often expressed himself on this subject, in particular discussions with his friends, admit not a doubt but that such was his opinion.

Despréaux has invented nothing, and wants fervour, imagination, fecundity and sentiment. What! is not the Lutrin a poem entirely of invention? What is the subject? A quarrel about a prerogative, in itself totally destitute of interest; but what ingenious means has the poet employed to rivet our attention to it! What art in the contexture of his fable! What admirable adaptation of the marvellous to the action! What order and connexion! What skill in the choice of episodes! Where can we find more beautiful imagery, more ingenious figures, more true colouring, a more perfect whole, and details better conceived and drawn? On this subject M. de la Harpe has observed, 'when it was asserted that Despréaux possessed neither fecundity, imagination, nor fervour, surely the Lutrin was forgotten; some fecundity certainly was necessary to the production of a poem of six cantos on the placing and displacing of a reading desk; surely some imagination was requisite to the composition of a work of fancy, and to animate it in all its parts. Who, amongst those deserving to be cited as connoisseurs, has ever denied these poetical attributes to the Lutrin? All the agents employed by the poet have their peculiar destination, and answer it by concurring to produce the general effect. Through five cantos the fable is perfectly conducted; the correct delineation of the characters, and the liveliness of the imagery give to it all the interest of which similar subjects are susceptible, that is, the amusement which we may derive from witnessing high disputes arising out of the most trivial causes; but what resources, what art does it require to fix our attention to such a subject! How has the author been able to enrich one so unprolific, and to sustain himself so long on such slender means? How has it been possible for him to compose so many fine verses on a trifling monkish quarrel? In this consists the miracle of the art; it is by scattering plenteously the attic salt of refined pleasantry, by giving to all his personages a correct and distinct physiognomy, that he has attained the art of transporting the reader into the midst of them, and of attaching him by means which, in the hands of one less dexterous, would have lost their effect. All his heroes have a dramatic aspect, a head and a picturesque attitude, and there is nothing more rich than the colouring with which he has adorned them.'

After this justification, made, by so enlightened a judge as M. de La Harpe, I believe it unnecessary to proceed further in the refutation of Marmontel's paradoxes. I will remark only, that time, which destroys so many reputations, daily adds new lustre to that of Despréaux, and that there is no person who will refuse to concur in the sentiment of J. B. Rousseau, that 'he aided truth to tear the mask from artifice, and combated falsehood; that merit always found in him a patron and a friend; and that his verses were rather eulogies on virtue, than satires against vice.'

* The opinion which I here express on the poem of Jerusalem Delivered, is formed according to the ideas of epic poetry which we have adopted in France. I know that they are very much opposed to those which are entertained in Italy; but, in many respects, the taste of nations is not less different than their language.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Chamouny, November 1.

This day being All-saints, and one much attended to in this Roman Catholic country, I found some difficulty in setting off as early as I wished from Martigny: for my odd looking little fellow of a guide would not advance a step till he had been at matins. He went before day to the chapel, and finding it shut, very patiently waited till it was open, for he had no idea of risking himself on so dangerous a journey as that we were about to undertake across the mountains, without first preparing himself to face every peril. At last we departed, upon two stupid mules, and, after passing the torrent of the Drance, began to ascend, in a straight line, a mountain, whose summit was at least two leagues distant, but which was concealed from our sight by a heavy fog that spread all over the vallais.

As I was advised not to attempt guiding the animal I rode, but to let her take her own way of going, which was by crossing and recrossing the road diagonally, to lessen the steepness of the ascent, and stopping every twenty minutes to get breath to proceed, I had full leisure to observe the comical figure of my guide, who wore a large cocked hat, and a huge pair of mustachios. At first I thought he looked mischievous, and began to reflect how I was to manage him in case of need, but after considering him some time, and entering into a kind of conversation with him, I found he was a harmless, good natured, ignorant fellow, who barely knew how to make his mule go, and who was even unacquainted with the very road he undertook to be my guide in, having never travelled it before. You will easily guess my astonishment when he told me this, but he relieved me from

my apprehension by saying there was only one road as far as Trient, where we could gain information about the rest of our journey. As the people of the country speak a kind of French, or *Patois*, I did not feel alarmed about finding my way at last, and as to my personal safety, I had no fears on that account, from the apparent inoffensiveness of my guide, and the general character of the Swiss peasants, from whom I apprehended nothing. Besides, as I always carry pistols in my pocket, I considered myself a match for any single person, who might venture to attack me.

As we thus slowly ascended, we gained the region that bounded the rise of the vapours, which then appeared like a vast lake, whose shores were full of little bays and promontories, formed by the sides of the mountains. In this fanciful picture I got so deeply engaged, that I might be fairly said to be in a *brown study*. I was soon roused from my reverie by the obstinacy of my mule, which had made a longer stop than usual, and refused to mount a step higher. I endeavoured to coax her along, but it would not do, and I was obliged to call out lustily for my precursor, (for guide he can hardly be called), to come to my assistance. A few lashes with his whip answered the purpose, and, after some little kicking and restiveness, she again proceeded.

In this manner, tedious enough indeed, we made shift to attain the summit, and I was richly rewarded by a grand view of the distant glaciers of the Upper Vallais, and other lofty mountains. Far below me, in a narrow gloomy valley, lay the little village of Trient, consisting of about half a dozen houses, and a chapel, to which we saw the peasants repairing from all parts of the valley, dressed in their Sunday clothes; but we were so high that we could scarcely hear the tolling of the little bell.

As the descent was now very steep, my guide advised me to dismount, and pointed out a path which brought me through forests of pine and larch, and by the edge of tremendous precipices, to the village, while he went by the road with the mules. Hearing some voices while I was thus searching my way down alone, I looked up, and saw above me two Savoyards and a soldier, who were taking a nearer road to Chamouny, by crossing the Col de Balme. When my man came up, he proposed our engaging them to shew us the way across that high mountain, but not liking the looks of those people, whom I had before observed following us, I told him I would not determine which passage to take till I made proper inquiries at Trient. We soon after arrived there, but found no one in the miserable little ale-house of the place, every body being at chapel, and the house locked up. The mules found the way to the stable directly, without the assistance of the muleteer, who quitted me immediately on my arrival, and I, finding myself alone, repaired to the chapel, where I found him on his knees, at the door, among a few peasants.

Seeing there was no help for it, I amused myself with observing the scenery of this little valley, the cottages and the appearance of the peasants, till service was ended, when I received a very hearty welcome from the landlord of the *inn*, who served me up some excellent honey, bread and eggs, on which I feasted like an epicure.

I wished very much to enter Chamouny by the Col de Balme, but all the peasants I talked with, dissuaded me from it, saying there was too much snow in that passage for me or my mules. I was of course obliged to take that of the *Tete Noire*, which, by being less elevated, was even passable during the winter.

We coasted along the thundering Trient for some distance down the Valley, among huge fragments of rocks and wrecks of pines, which the avalanches had brought down from the heights. After travelling about a mile in this way, we began to ascend the side of the mountain, called the *Tete Noire*, (or black head), which well deserves its appellation, for never did I see so many horrors united as in this famous passage. The road ascended and descended for near two leagues, among piles of rock, caught, in their headlong course, by the pines above us, and which threatened the destruction that might be expected on observing the enormous masses that already lay piled up below us. The road, if it can, with propriety, be called one, being little more than a causeway of large stones, over which the mules could scarcely clamber. I considered it so dangerous at last that I dismounted and walked the rest of the way, as I durst not trust the footing of my mule, one false step of which would have, perhaps, precipitated me down the steep into the torrent below, choaked up with rocks and trunks of trees. Perhaps, there is not in nature a more savage passage, and it was not very pleasant, I assure you, to be scrambling among these horrors, with a guide who knew nothing of the way, and who seemed as much afraid as myself, and durst not trust himself on the back of his mule. The gloom produced by the dark forests of pines, which covered the sides of the mountains, and almost shut out the light of day, rendered the place a fit one for the business of an assassin, and had I not discovered my companion to be perfectly harmless, I should have trembled for my safety in the passage of the *Tete Noir*, where no ideas are suggested but those of danger, and where no vestige of society, or its blessings, can be traced.

Notwithstanding all this, I confess I am so fond of the terrible sublime in nature, that I felt a kind of sombre satisfaction in the contemplation of the terrific scenery of this celebrated passage, which compensated me for its dangers. Had I been accompanied by any friend to whom I could have communicated my feelings, I should have been doubly gratified, but the solitariness of my journey, deprived me of half the pleasure I might have derived from it.

[*To be Continued.*]

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

From the toy-shop of Mess. Verbal and Trochee.

OBJECTS OF THE MIND.

"Every thing we perceive, or are conscious of, says Lord Kaimes, whether a being or a quality, a passion or an action, is, with respect to the percipient, termed an *object*. Some objects appear to be internal, or within the mind; passion, for example, thinking, volition: some external; such as every object of sight, of hearing, of smell, of touch, of taste.' The objects of the mind are our ideas, as will appear by the writings of various philosophers, who use them as exegetical one of the other. 'By the term *idea*, says Locke, I mean what is the *object* of the understanding, when a man *thinks;* or whatever it is the *mind* can be employed about when thinking.'

Now we have gotten a definition, we will push our inquiries a little further, and ask how we come by *ideas* or *objects* of the mind? Some men have been established in the opinion that there are certain *innate principles,* or primary notions, stamped upon the mind of man, which the soul receives in its very firs being, and brings into the world with it.* Locke opposed this opinion; and I think we shall see no reason to embrace it, if we consider how barren our minds would be, if we had received no ideas since the hour of our birth. We are conscious that there are objects in our minds, and that we *think:* and we know that whoever thinks, or has thought at a time ever so remote, has a recollection of it, and is conscious to himself that he had thoughts, or objects, in his mind, at such or such a time. We cannot say we remember the time when we had no thoughts: that is impossible.... we cannot have any consciousness of that which never was. A thought must be antecedent to the recollection of it.

We all remember the days of our childhood; we remember the time when we had but few thoughts, and but imperfect or inadequate ideas of many things, of which we have since acquired just notions. It may not be impossible that some can recollect the *only* idea in the mind, and that the *first*. At least, we can remember when we could not frame any idea of, or comprehend, the extent of a million of miles, or the bulk of this earth. But if these ideas, which now are adequate, were in our understandings at our birth, it bespeaks very fertile minds, that such ideas have flourished so well, and arrived to such a degree of maturity, all by the force of innate principle, without any external influence.

I see we shall not be satisfied of the origin of ideas by pursuing the theory of innate principles. With Mr. Locke then 'let us suppose the mind to be, as we say, *white paper*, void of all characters, without *ideas*. How comes it to be furnished? Whence all the materials of reason and knowledge?' To this he answers, 'from *experience* and *observation*.' When these are employed about external objects, we call it *sensation*. By sensation we receive the ideas of bitter, sweet, yellow, hard, soft, cold, heat, light, darkness, &c. which are, on this account, called *sensible* qualities. When experience and observation are employed about the internal operations of the mind, things we perceive, think or reflect upon we call it *reflection*. By this we get the ideas of perception, thinking, believing, willing, wishing, hating, loving, fearing, &c. Therefore, *external* material things, which, by *sensation*, excite in us ideas; and the operations of our own minds furnishing ideas by *reflection*, appeared to Mr. Locke 'the ONLY ORIGINALS, whence all our *ideas* take their beginnings.'

This opinion is adhered to by more modern authors: Duncan, particularly declares that 'all our original ideas are derived from *sensation* or *reflection*.' With regard to ideas excited by external things, the mind is passive. All the action we can use is, when ideas are excited in our minds, we can, with them, frame arbitrary, or make complex ones. But when we have, by sensation, received several ideas, can we entertain our minds with the contemplation of all at once? By no means. Lord Kaimes says, 'in a manner we can attend to some ideas, and dismiss others'....that 'a choice fforded,' &c. But on what does this choice depend? Is it not upon the impression the objects make upon the mind? Some may probably say on connexion; and Lord Kaimes says 'sometimes we insist on what is commonly held the slighter connexion.' But in this he says 'much depends on the tone of mind.' And on what does the tone of mind depend? On the nature

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* It was the current opinion of all antiquity, that nothing is in our understanding, which was not before in our senses. Descartes, in his Philosophical Romances, advanced that we had *metaphysical ideas* before we so much as knew our nurses' breasts!

Voltaire's Phil. Dict.

Here is an idea for the advocates of *innate principles*, which I fancy they had not at their births.

of the objects presented to view, and on the state of the animal spirits. And, I imagine it is not so much because a thing is *connected* with us, that we '*insist on*' it, as it is the impression the *thing itself* makes on our minds.

'We find, says Mr. Locke, that we cannot avoid having ideas produced in our minds. If I turn my eyes towards the sun, I cannot avoid the ideas which the light or sun then produced in me." And thus, also persons say they could not prevent such or such things engrossing their thoughts to the total exclusion of other ideas, which they acknowledge are of more consequence to them. When I have seen two objects, I naturally turn my reflections on that which makes the deepest impression; but, in some instances, I may dwell upon the least attracting. Yet, in this case, I believe I do so in consideration of some utility or pleasure, which I think will accrue from this choice, and which will make it excel the other. This, then, is evidently in consequence of the manner in which it strikes my mind.

It will be found even so with the minds of youth. One tutor is said to excite the ambition of his pupils by representing to them the honour, profit, or pleasure they will derive from their studies, and thus induces them to discard other objects from their minds, and direct their attention to what he proposes. Thus one tutor is said to be better than another. But why any *better*, if it rest entirely with his pupils whether they will 'attend to some ideas and dismiss others,' or not? If this last be wholly the case, then the merit is not in the tutor; but if it *be* owing to the tutor, then it is the consequence of the impression he makes on their minds, and *not* the effect of *choice*.

But, with this reasoning, we should soon destroy the power of making complex ideas, and reduce ourselves to the necessity of entertaining none but original simple ideas: whereas, we find we can, with our simple ideas, frame complex ones, and such as we please too. Hence fables, romances, &c. hence the idea of a centaur, a phœnix, &c. which, like other innumerable vagaries of fancy, never existed but in the imagination. But, with regard to the mind's prefering one idea and rejecting another, perhaps our choice is not purely voluntary. May it not depend greatly on habit? A child, by the constant inculcation of good sentiments, acquires such a habit of thinking, and attaches so much importance to a regular course of conduct in preference to a capricious behaviour, that he has no hesitation whether to employ his mind upon thoughts of business, study, &c. or upon intrigue, faction, and a life of dissipation.

In what 'depends on the tone of mind,' it is clearly perceived we have no agency. Where we are directed by connection, we are passive also. But I think we may dwell upon the object, to which this connection leads us, or, by the help of connection, associate other objects with it, and make to ourselves such a complex idea as we please. But is not this, also, in consequence of the impression which the objects make, &c. Clearly so. But, again, how come objects to make any impression, or excite any idea at all? They evidently make impressions in proportion to our capability of receiving them. And here we see how it comes that habit influences our choice. Our original simple ideas are received passively alike by all; but, on a review, or in recollecting them, they make different impressions on different persons, according to their habit of attaching importance to them, or the pains they have taken to consider them. This is a wise arrangement in the disposition of all things; for, if it were not thus, all men would pursue the *same* thing, and employ, or have their thoughts employed on the *same* subject.

But, with regard to the tutor and his pupils, as above mentioned, the reason why one tutor is *better* than another is easily discerned, even if it depended *wholly* on the *choice* of his pupils. For, if the tutor were so inactive or negligent as not to present to their understanding any views of their interest, or excite in them any ideas, it is plain there would be nothing from which they might make a *choice*, though they had the power of making it. Such would be a miserable master. But as I think it does not depend *solely* on the pleasure of the pupil, I should consider it of the utmost consequence to put youth under the instruction of such persons as would excite most interest in their minds, and lead them by persuasion.

But the mind being entirely passive in the reception of its simple ideas, the province of the understanding is to contemplate on its original ideas, and at pleasure to make new and complex ones without end. This work of the mind logicians define in three acts, viz. *composition*, *abstraction* and *comparison*; by the first of which we are enabled to make complex ideas, and by the last we get our ideas of relation....greater, less; older, younger; longer, shorter, &c..... When we have an idea fixed, we cannot add another, or a new one: all we can do (except that we can dismiss the idea and receive another) is to modify that, by the relation or connection it has with some other.

This subject displays the widest field for the exercise of the ingenuity of man, and is of all others the most pleasing. But, perhaps, we have already proceeded too far; therefore shall do little else but recommend a habit of thinking for ourselves. We shall generally see clearly, if we think cooly.

When a man sees a building, he immediately has a conception of it; if he shut his eyes the conception is still in his mind; if you carry him to China, or any place, ever so remote, he can there call to mind the conception (which, now he has it only by *recollection*, is called the *idea*) he had of that building; and so of any other object. All the difference there will be between the idea recollected, and the conception as first received, is that it will be more faint than the first impression.

And here another thought is suggested.... What makes such a difference in men's ideas, and in their use and arrangement of them, since all are likely to receive, from the same objects, much the same impressions? Many will say such or such a person has more genius, or a better faculty to compound, abstract and compare his ideas, than another. That may be; nature, indeed, is more favourable to some than to others. Yet I will risk the opinion, that the difference in men is attributable, more to their industry and application to this subject, or to their idleness and total neglect of it, than to the partiality of nature.

V.

[The Editor most fervently hopes that an exhortation to Charity and Benevolence from an amiable Prelate, will not be in vain.]

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Society for the institution and support of First-Day or Sunday Schools, in the city of Philadelphia, the District of Southwark, and the Northern Liberties, to their fellow-citizens.

Taking into consideration the many evils that result from a misemployment of the Christian Sabbath; and experience having taught that the improvement of the mind has a powerful tendency to promote good order and suppress vice, the society are induced to call the public to a consideration of this important subject. Being professedly associated for the purpose of improving the habits and manners of the rising generation, amongst the poorer classes in the community, whose happiness depends much upon the acquirement of useful customs and instruction; the great abuse which is witnessed of the Christian Sabbath, cannot but present an awful testimony of the unwillingness of the people to respect it, as a day of sacred ordination; and viewing the many evils which result therefrom, the society cannot refrain from expressing their belief in the efficacy of useful education of mankind, towards the advancement of virtue and happiness. Since the establishment of this institution upwards of thirteen years have elapsed, during which period several thousand children have been admitted into the schools; but owing to the limited state of the funds, their number cannot be increased although it is believed that one in the Northern Liberties would prove very useful.

There are three schools, well supplied with books, &c. into which children of all denominations may be admitted, free of expence, on application to the respective tutors. Spelling, reading and writing are taught in them, and careful attention paid to their moral and religious instruction. The school hours do not interfere with those adapted for divine worship; an attention to which is enjoined....A school for girls is kept in the third story of the building back of the Presbyterian church, at the corner of Mulberry and Third-streets....One for boys in Cherry-street, between Third and Fourth-streets; and another for boys in Front-street, nearly opposite to Shippen-street. Committees from the Board of Visitors attend the schools, for the purpose of inspecting and reporting their state, and suggesting such improvements as from time to time may occur.

Examinations are occasionally held, at which premiums are given for excelling in spelling, reading and writing; for constant attendance at school; cleanliness; good behaviour, and steady attendance at divine worship; and various other means are used to excite a laudable inclination for improvement amongst the scholars. The numerous benefits that have resulted from Sunday schools in Europe, of which satisfactory testimonies are abroad, are strong inducements for their establishment in America.

With a full reliance on the merits of the cause they advocate, with a hope that it will receive the favorable consideration of their fellow-citizens, the society conclude, after reminding the *Benevolent*, the *Public Spirited*, and the *Opulent*, that a wide field lies open for the exercise of their liberality.

WILLIAM WHITE, *President*.
JOS. BENNET EVES, *Sec'ry*.

MOORE'S ANACREON.

This very superior translation, a beautiful edition of which is now printing in this city by Mr. Maxwell, is thus characterized in the Poetical Register, a work eminently entitled to attention, both for the elegance of its verse and the correctness of its criticism:

By this translation the poetical fame of Mr. Moore may be considered as established on a solid basis. His Anacreon comes recommended by an elegance and spirit, which are not often found. There is, perhaps, too much epithet, and the translation is sometimes too paraphrastical, but here objection must end. The notes are at once pleasing and judicious, and show Mr. Moore to be a man of extensive reading and acquirements.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

He who understood, better than any other writer, the nature and province of true humour, is ADDISON. Let those, therefore, who wish to

be fully instructed in this matter, study him, and learn the theory from his practice. In his mirth, there is nothing profane or impertinent. He is perfectly serious, where he ought to be so: and his smiles, like those of innocence, though irresistibly captivating, are ever inoffensive. He is not, some think, a profound philosopher; for he is always clear and harmonious, rational, manly and interesting. But if writing be good, in proportion as it is useful, and if its noblest use be, to improve the heart, refine the taste, and sweeten the temper, ADDISON is of all uninspired authors at least, in prose, the best, and the most delightful.

—

The following imitation of an Epigram in Martial, has even more liveliness than the original.

I laugh at Poll's perpetual pother
To make me her's for life;
She's old enough to be my mother,
But not to be my wife.

—

From a new miscellany we transcribe the following fable, possessing singular merit, both in the ease and ingenuity of the story, and the utility of the moral.

GENIUS AND INDUSTRY.

A FABLE.

On every hand it is agreed,
That Genius never can succeed
In forming an exalted mind,
Unless with Perseverance join'd.
But multitudes, to folly prone,
Move idly onward like the drone,
Nor heed the truth applies to them,
Though foremost others to condemn.
To such the Muse presents a tale,
Examples teach, when precepts fail.

In days of yore, a wond'rous well
There was, as ancient stories tell,
Amid whose waters, glittering bright,
Unnumber'd jewels met the light,
Rich sparkling gems, a glorious show,
More vivid than Aurora's glow;
In substance solid as.....you see
I cannot find a simile.

These gems were free to every lout
Who'd take the *pains* to *draw them out*.
It happen'd, on a certain day,
A youth, call'd Genius, pass'd that way;
A starry zone his loins embrac'd,
A flowing vest his shoulders grac'd,
On which was drawn, in tints sublime,
The varied produce of each clime;
A flow'ry wreath his temples bound,
And scatter'd odours all around;
His eye-balls flash'd the living fire,
In his left hand he held a lyre,
Which oft he swept, while from the lofty key
Burst sweetest strains of heavenly harmony.

Enwrapt with wonder and surprise,
The glittering scene he quickly eyes;
And, quite transported with delight,
Scarce stops to feast his eager sight.
Tumultuous hopes his breast swell high,
The rope is seiz'd, his lyre laid by;
The wheel revolves, like lightning round;
The bucket sweeps the sparkling ground;
And now he tugs and works away,
But ah! how deep the treasure lay.

It seem'd a heavy, tiresome load,
Scarce worth the labour he bestow'd;
With joy no more his bosom burns,
The lazy axle hardly turns;
When, looking carelessly around,
He thinks he hears a whizzing sound,
And soon in air his piercing eye
Perceives a beauteous gilded fly.

Mad to possess the gaudy prize,
He quits the wheel, and sudden flies,
While every gem neglected lies,
With ardour now he skims the plain,
Eager the painted toy to gain,
And runs, and runs, but runs in vain.
The fly, as Genius nearer drew,
Still higher soar'd, still faster flew;
Till tir'd, the youth, with slacken'd pace,
Unwillingly gave up the chace,
And back return'd to seek the well;
But ah! his grief what tongue can tell,
When leaning o'er, with doubtful gaze,
He sees no more rich jewels blaze,
But muddy waters, in their stead,
O'er all the blacken'd surface spread.
A ruddy youth, call'd INDUSTRY,
Had, in the interim been by,
And, *toiling hard*, by labour won,
What GENIUS would have made his own,
Had Fancy been abstracted less,
And Reason curb'd his mind's excess.

—

La Bruyere says, that a man of wit, who is naturally proud, abates nothing of his pride or stiffness, for being poor. On the contrary, if any thing will soften him, and render him more pliant and sociable, it is a little prosperity.

—

Modesty is to merit what shades are to figures in a fine picture. It gives it force and relief.

—

Since it is common to be pleased with rare things, why are we so little struck with virtue?

—

A man is more faithful to the secrets of others, than to his own; a woman, on the contrary, can keep her own secrets more faithfully than those of others.

—

If guarding powers preside above,
Who still extend to virtuous love
A tutelary care;
The virgin's bosom earliest dole,
The first born passion of the soul,
Must find protection there.

Never can noon's maturer ray
That charm of orient light display
Which morning suns impart;
So can no later passion prove
That glow, which gilds the dawn of love,
The day spring of the heart.

—

In the following ode the character of Anacreon is very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonised pleasures, is expressed with a warmth amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams, imputed to him is the following; it is the only one, says Mr. Moore, worth translating, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode.

When to the lip the brimming cup is prest,
And hearts are all afloat upon the stream;
Then banish from my board the unpolish'd guest,
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
The muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower;
Oh! give me him, whose heart expansive breathes
All the refinements of the social hour.

ODE 42.

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where Humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And, while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
Beside me all in blushes lie;
And while she weaves a frontlet fair
Of hyancinths to deck my hair,
Oh let me snatch her side-long kisses,
And that shall be my bliss of blisses!
My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;
And little has it learn'd to dread
The gall that envy's tongue can shed;
Away.....I hate the slanderous dart
Which steals to wound the unwary heart;
And O! I hate, with all my soul,
Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
Where every cordial heart should be
Attun'd to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song,
Expire the silver harp along;
And through the dances ringlet move,
With maidens mellowing into love:
Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease.

—

SONG, SUITABLE TO THE SEASON.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading bowers,
And now come in my happy hours
To wander wi' my Davie.

Chorus.

Meet me on the warlock Knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The chrystal waters round us fa'
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.

Chorus.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dew I will repair
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I loe best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

—

Epitaph at Market Durnham, Norfolk.

O Death, thou art unkind
To make us all afraid,
By taking away of Rachel Cobb,
That young and virtuous maid.

Her age about fifteen,
I think that was the outside;
She's gone to rest, and there is blest,
I think can't be deny'd.

—

PARODY OF SHAKSPEARE.

To read, or not to read?....that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to study
The taste and learning of the classic age,
Or take up vile and circulating trash
To pass a rainy day:....to study? to improve?
And by close application say we end
The difficulties and the thousand doubts
That Ignorance is heir to: 'tis an effort
Instantly to be made: to read? to construe
Greek? perchance beset fast: aye, there's the rub....
For in those dialects what toil may come
When we sit down in earnest to the task,
Must give us pause: there's the defect
That oscitancy makes of so long yawn;
For who would nothing know, thro' all his time,
Of true philosophy, mechanic powers;
Historic truth, laws of astronomy;
The lines of geography; or, the four rules
Of quick arithmetic, to spurn the frauds
That ready reckoners of the unwary take,
When he might master all that books can teach him,
With a bare resolve?....who would vacant stare,
And hem and haw 'mong literary men,
But that the fag of something worthy search,
Bright glorious Science! of whose recompense
No hopeful youth e'er fails, puzzles the brains,
And makes us flee to cards and silly small talk,
Than handle subjects we were school'd to know?
Thus indolence makes dunces of us all;
And thus the genius, like a standing pond,
Is mantled over with still thoughtless dulness,
Which should discoveries of great pith and moment,
As a brisk fertile current, wide dispense
And turn to useful action.

The greatest wits have their ebbs and flows; they are sometimes exhausted; then let them neither write nor talk, nor aim at entertaining. Should a man sing when he has a cold? Should he not rather wait till he recovers his voice?

—

How is this? Alcippus saluted me to-day, and with a smile threw himself almost out of the coach to take notice of me! I am not rich, and was a-foot. According to the present modes of life, he should not have seen me. Oh! now I have hit on it. It was that I might see him in the same coach with Mr. Mushroom, the great bank director.

—

Argiva pulls off her glove to shew her white hand, and never forgets to let her little shoe be seen, that she may be supposed to have a small foot. She laughs equally at things serious or merry, to shew her fine set of teeth. She knows perfectly well all her several interests. One thing only excepted, she is perpetually talking, and has scarcely common sense.

—

Holcroft remarks, with sagacity, that sallow complexion, length of face, a pointed nose, a projecting chin, and prominent cheek bones have distinguished the countenances of fanatics and persecutors. Fanatics and persecutors are often men of strong minds, but violent passions; and between such men and Bonaparte, allowing for times and circumstances, in physiognomy, in talents, and in manner of acting, there is great resemblance.

—

The little catechism of the rights of men, says BURKE, is soon learned; and the inferences are in the malignant passions of mankind.

—

The king of the United Kingdoms has always thought it his greatest glory that he rules over a people perfectly and solidly, because *soberly*, *rationally*, and *legally* free.

—

VARIETY.

I'll live no more single, but get me a wife;
For *change*, says poor Tom, is the comfort of life.
A wife then he got, and no mortal could be,
A few weeks after marriage, more happy than he.

But when children and squalling began to increase,
And a loud scolding doxy molested his peace,
I wish in my heart I was quit of my wife;
For *change*, says poor Tom, is the comfort of life.

—

The celebrated Sir Thomas More was sent ambassador to the emperor, by king Henry the VIII. The morning he was to have his audience, knowing the *power of wine*, he ordered his servant to give him a good large glass of sack.... and having drank that, called for another. The servant, with officious ignorance, would have dissuaded him from it, b in vain. The ambassador drank off the second, and demanded a third, which he likewise drank off....Insisting on the fourth, he was over persuaded by his servant to let it alone.... so he went to his audience. But when he returned home, he called for his man, and threatened him with his cane! 'You rogue, sa he, what mischief you have done me....I spoke to the emperor, on the *inspiration* of those *three glasses* that I drank; he told me I was fit to govern *three* parts of the world. Now, you dog, if I had drank the *fourth* glass, I should have been fit to govern *all* the world!'

—

EPIGRAM.

Your comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the half, you pilfer'd, best;
But sure the piece you yet may may mend,
Take courage, man, and steal the rest.

A very neat monument has been erected in England, in the church at East Dereham, to the memory of the poet COWPER; it is a white marble slab, on which is represented 'THE TASK' leaning on the 'HOLY BIBLE.'

—

BÜRGER'S LEONORA.

This celebrated ballad has had several translations. Stanley has attempted to give a fortunate conclusion to this celebrated composition.

An extract from Spencer's translation.

Barb! Barb! methinks the cock's shrill horn
Warns that our sand is nearly run;
Barb! Barb! I scent the gales of morn,
Haste, that our course be timely done.
Our course is done! our sand is run!
The nuptial bed the bride attends;
This night the dead have swiftly sped;
Here, here our midnight travel ends!

Full at a portal's massy gate,
The plunging steed impetuous dash'd;
At the dread shock, walls, bars, and gate,
Hurl'd down with headlong ruin crash'd.
Thin, sheeted phantoms gibbering glide
O'er paths, with bones and fresh skulls strewn;
Charnels and tombs on every side
Gleam dimly to the blood-red moon.

Lo while the night's dread glooms increase,
All chang'd the wond'rous horseman stood,
His crumbling flesh fell piece by piece,
Like ashes from consuming wood.
Shrunk to a skull his pale head glares,
High ridg'd his eyeless sockets stand;
All bone his lengthening form appears,
A dart gleams deadly from his hand.

The fiend horse snorts; blue fiery flakes
Collected roll his nostrils round;
High rear'd, his bristling mane he shakes,
And sinks beneath the rending ground.
Demons the thundering clouds bestride,
Ghosts yell the yawning tomb beneath;
Leonora's heart, its life blood dried,
Hangs quivering on the dart of Death.

To lessen the horror, Stanley has added the following stanza:

Sweet spirits! wave the airy wand,
Two faithful hearts your care demand;
Lo! bounding o'er the plain,
Led by your charm, a youth returns;
With hope, his breast impatient burns;
Hope is not always vain.

'Wake Leonora!....wake to love!
For thee his choicest wreath he wove,'
Death vainly aim'd his dart.
The past was all a dream; she woke....
He lives;....'twas William's self who spoke,
And clasp'd her to his heart.

—

The father of the present duke of Norfolk, who had no particular antipathy to wine, used to drink much wine with a certain friend of his on this singular account: when drunk he always lost his voice; on the contrary, his friend retained his voice, but lost his legs: so the duke, tho' he lost his voice, rang the bell, and his friend, who could not move, called for more wine.

—

EPITAPH ON A GLUTTON.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Beneath this humble stone a mortal lies,
Whose sole employment was to gormandise,
E'en when he found he was not made to last,
He still retain'd his hatred to a fast;
And, when about to yield his latest breath,
'Tis said by some he tried his teeth on Death,
But, disappointed, utter'd sighs and groans,
For Death, alas! he found already *bones*.

Imitated from an ancient Greek author.

With me the rosy goblet share,
With me enjoy the youthful hours,
With me caress the frolic fair,
With me compose the wreath of flowers.

Now drive with me dull thoughts away,
With me defiance bid to sorrow;
Be merry thou with me to-day,
And I'll be wise with thee to-morrow.

—

SONG.

Though in the festive circle gay,
You see me move in frolic measure,
Mark on my cheek, in purple play,
The bloom of youth and smile of pleasure.

Ah! think not I am free from care,
But think how hard it is to cover
With smiles the anguish of despair,
And pity an unhappy lover.

Edinburgh. D. C.

—

Epigram, on a marriage.

That very day he chose to wed,
I wish'd the old curmudgeon dead,
It matters not, since now he'll lead
On earth the life to hell decreed.

—

THE ORACLE CONSULTED.

What's a Frenchman?....Slavery's fool,
What's a Briton?....Freedom's tool,
Form'd to curb despotic rule....
Fit with any foe to cope.

What's the Frenchman's view?....*invasion*....
If he find a *fair* occasion.
What's the Briton's?....Full persuasion
That he'll *blast* the Frenchman's hope.

What's the Frenchman's pleasure?....*Plunder.*
What's the Briton's?....NAVAL THUNDER,
That shall make the Frenchman wonder,
If he dare insult our strand.

What's the end?....to Frenchmen, madness,
Disappointment, shame and sadness;
But to Britons....glory, gladness,
Safety in their native land.

[London paper.

—

A NEAT BULL.

A gentleman, who has a *double* admission, by purchase, to one of the theatres, lately wrote the following order....'Admit *self* and friend, as I cannot go to the theatre this evening.'

[Ibid.

—

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Constantia' always writes with so much good sense and vivacity, that we regret we are not oftener instructed by the first, and amused by the latter.

'Florian' we hope will be punctual and industrious.

'M' is too negligent of her pen, and it is to be regretted, by every reader of taste, that a pen, which can trace such ingenious characters, should remain so long idle in the ink-horn.

To 'Philaxian' we are greatly indebted for the ingenious poetry of the hapless H. His verses are, in a very remarkable degree, correct and curious, and the imagination is wonderfully interested in their perusal.

'B' is welcome as a writer, and interesting as a traveller. We hope that his agreeable tours will be continued.

The Lay Preacher, for this week, is omitted for want of room.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

I have received much pleasure in the perusal of the Odes of Anacreon, selected for the Port Folio from Mr. Moore's translation of that bard.

About ten years ago, I was presented by a Bacchanalian friend with an edition of Anacreon, and of Sappho's Odes and Epigrams, published seventy years since.

Although they are by no means equal to Mr. Moore's, in versification, yet I think the translation will strike you as more faithful to the original. As it is probable there is no other copy of this edition extant, I trouble you with a specimen, and add one from Sappho.

The edition is ornamented by a likeness of Anacreon, "apud Fulvium Ursinum," and with a bust of Sappho, taken from a busto in the possession of the then Earl of Pembroke.

Your obedient,

A. H.

SAPPHO....ODE V.

On the Rose.

Would *Jove* a queen of flow'rs ordain,
The Rose the queen of flow'rs should reign.
The grace of plants! the pride of bow'rs!
The blush of meads! the eye of flow'rs!
Her sweets the breath of love disclose,
Cythera's fav'rite bloom she glows!
What flow'r is half so lovely found,
As when with full blown beauties crown'd;
The Rose each ravish'd sense beguiles,
And on soft am'rous zephyr smiles.

VIth.

Beauty's Goddess, oh descend!
And our social joys attend.
*Let each golden cup be crown'd,
Serve the laughing nectar round.
None are here but who love thee,
None are here but who love me.

P. S. The Ode to the Cicada, in a late Port Folio, is swelled to 32 lines. In the edition before me it is comprised in 20, and has much more point, as well as simplicity, which is Anacreon's forte. Mr. Moore paraphrases his author, but paraphrases in dulcet strains.

ANACREON....ODE XX.

To his Mistress.

A weeping rock sad Niob stood
And swell'd with tears the Phrygian flood;
And Progne to a swallow chang'd,
On sable wings swift circling rang'd.
But to your glass transform'd I'd be,
That you may fondly gaze on me:
Or, oh might I those charms embrace!
And shine the fav'rite robe you grace:
Or flow the bath, whose am'rous tide
Your bright transparent limbs divide:
Or else, dissolv'd in sighs, my fair,
I'd breathe the essence for your hair:
Or in your zone's lov'd form be blest,
And bind like that your snowy breast:
Or be those happy pearls, my soul!
Which round your neck's soft iv'ry roll:
Or I your very shoe would be,
Would you but deign to tread on me.

LIV.

On Himself.

Sporting with the young and gay,
Young I am, methinks, as they.
Swift the mirthful dance I join,
Pleasure's youthful wings are mine.
Give me roses! I'll prepare
Rosy garlands for my hair.
Age dismiss, and dance among
Those that young are, and be young.
Fill the bowl then...fill it high,
Whoso dares my vigour try?
I can handle Bacchus' arms,
And my tongue has youthful charms.
Drinking, talking, I can be
Mad as any youthful he.

I cannot resist the inclination of adding one more Ode from Anacreon, conjectured to have been written on Sappho. It is the last ode.

On Cupid.

Little God, with golden hair,
Son of Venus, ever fair!
Thy various colour'd wings unfold,
Bedropt with pearl, and plum'd with gold,
And gently waft me on my way,
Wrapt in clouds with purple gay.
'Twas you first robb'd my heart of joy,
Have pity, then, celestial boy,
And as we wanton thro' the air,
Teach me how to fly despair!
*The pride of Lesbos gave the wound,
Lesbos for female charms renown'd;
But why should she, inhuman maid!
Deride the snow upon my head?
The very lilies on her cheeks,
Blush for anger as she speaks.

SELECTED POETRY.

[In a volume of "Madrigals" set to music by Thomas Weekes, London 1597, there occurs one, which, as the Bishop of Dromore says, is so complete an example of the bathos, that he could not forbear presenting it to the reader.]

Thulé, the period of cosmographie
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the skie
Trinacrian Etna's flames ascend not hier.
These things seem wond'rous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andelusian merchant that returns
Laden with *cutchinele* and *China dishes*,
Reports in Spaine how strangely Fogo burns
Amid an ocean full of flying fishes.
These things seem wond'rous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

I CAN BEAT HIM, SIRS, AT THAT.

But three months yet I've been a wife,
And spouse already shews his airs;
I wish I'd liv'd a single life;
But as I did not, why, who cares?
Besides, let husband use his tongue,
And scold, and bounce, and cock his hat;
He'll quickly find, I'm not so young,
But I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

I'll go to operas, balls and plays,
Or where I will, and won't be check'd;
But keep it up both nights and days,
Until he treats me with respect.
And if he romps with....I know who,
Perhaps he'll meet with tit for tat;
And, faith, may find, and shall so too,
That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

But this I vow, if he'll be good,
And let me sometimes have my will,
(Young wives, you know, most surely should)
I'll duly ev'ry rite fulfil;
And never, O! no never rove,
But stay with him at home and chat;
And prove, by kindest deeds of love,
That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

[We hope that the merit of the ensuing song will induce some Amateur to set it to music, and to sing it often in the circles of taste.]

Song of the Wandering Savoyard.

By Mr. Dimond, jun.

Within a silent shelter'd spot,
Is rear'd my lov'd paternal cot.
Behind, the Alps their shadow throw
Here crown'd with pine, and there with snow.
In front, delightful vineyards blush
With thymy dales, where browse the flock,
Just bounded by some granite rock
Where water-falls in murmurs gush.
Ah! how I sorrow'd when farewell
I bade unto my *native dell.*

The wild bee there gallanting roves,
And sucks the sweet-lip'd flower he loves;
The pigeon weaves her downy nest,
And murmurs o'er her young at rest;
While little birds, of blythest lay,
With shining wings, and trilling airs
O'er-sweep the woods, in love-link'd pairs,
And warble all the live long day.
Ah! faint of praise my tongue to tell
The pleasures of my *native dell!*

And there, when moon-beams frost the green
With mountain pipe, and mandolin,
The youths and maids on light feet hie,
To hold their rustic revelry.
And, as the cates and cup pass round,
With mazy dance and merry song,
They charm the early night along,
And waken all the sweets of sound.
Ah! how with joy my heart would swell,
Could I regain my *native dell.*

TRIOLET.

[Le Triolet est ainsi nomme, parce que le premier vers est repete trois fois.]

Bezè, qui produit ce bon vin,
Doit passer pour tres Catholique.
J'estime mieux, que Chambertin
Bèze, qui produit ce bon vin.
Si le disciple de *Calvin*
Bèze, passe pour *heretique*,
Bèze, qui produit ce bon vin
Doit passer pour *tres Catholique.*

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK.

By Edmund L. Swift, Esq.

I, Lais, once of Greece the pride,
To whom so many suitors sigh'd,
Now aged grown at Venus' shrine,
The *mirror* of my youth resign:
Since what I *am* I will not see,
And what I *was* I cannot be.

---

* As Sappho in this fragment desires Venus to be her cup-bearer, so Anacreon proposes the same office for Cupid. See his 4th ode.

* The following lines are supposed to be part of the answer which Sappho returned to our poet's gallantry:

The song the Teian sung to me,
Enchanting muse! was thine alone;
Each heav'nly verse he stole from thee,
Soft warbl'd from thy golden throne.

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